LUCIFER.

THE LIGHT-BEARER.

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THE FUGITIVE WIFE.

PART FIRST: MARRIAGE.

The following excerpts are taken from a booklet by Warren Chase entitled "The Fugitive Wife: A Criticism on Marriage, Adultery and Divorce," published in Boston in 1861. Probably but few copies of this work are in existence at the present time. In a later issue, possibly next week, we will publish more from the same source.

It may be well to introduce this subject by a poem; and I have none by me more appropriate than the following from the pen of Dr. Watts, the inspired psalmist, written in the year 1701, and, I believe, one of his most truthful and sacred psalms.

Say, my Love, and teach my song,
To whom my sweetest joys belong,
And who the happy pairs,
Whose yielding hearts and joining hands
Find blessings twisted with their bands,
To soften all their cares?

Not the wild herd of nymphs and swains,
That thoughtless fly into the chains,
As custom leads the way;
If there be bliss without design,
Ivies and oaks may grow and twine,
And be as blest as they.

Not sordid souls, of earthly mold,
Who, drawn by kindred charms of gold,
To dull embraces move;
So two rich mountains of Peru
May rush to wealthy marriage, too,
And make a world of love.

Not the mad tribe that hell inspires
With wanton flames; those raging fires
The purer bliss destroy;
On Etna's top let furies wed,
And sheets of lightning dress the bed,
To improve the burning joy.

Not the dull pairs, whose marble forms
None of the melting passions warms,
Can mingle hearts and hands;

Logs of green wood, that quench the coals,
Are married just like stoic souls,
With coiers for their bands.

Not minds of melancholy strain,
Still silent, or that still complain,
Can the dear bondage bless;
As well may heavenly concerts spring
From two old lutes, with ne'er a string,
Or none besides the base.

Nor can the soft enchantment hold
Two jarring souls of angry mold,
The rugged and the keen;
Samson's young foxes might as well
In bands of cheerful wedlock dwell,
With firebrands tied between.

Nor let the cruel fetters bind
A gentle to a savage mind,
For Love abhors the sight;
Loose the fierce tiger from the deer,
For native rage and native fear
Rise and forbid delight.

Two kindred souls alone must meet—
'Tis friendship makes the bondage sweet,
And feeds our mutual loves;
Bright Venus, on her rolling throne,
Is drawn by gentlest birds alone,
And Cupids yoke the doves.

In the June of 1859 the scribes of Chicago furnished the daily papers of that city with an interesting item of news by announcing that a fugitive wife escaped from one of the villages on Lake Superior, in Michigan, had been legally seized and returned with the officer, via Detroit and the next boat, to her legal and proper owner. The papers stated that she had left her home and husband and several small children and fled on the steamer to that city, where dispatches had arrived before her, enabling the officers to be in readiness to arrest her on the arrival of the boat; that she had come in company with a gentleman of her acquaintance, and probably at his expense, which rendered her crime, and his for assisting the fugitive, extremely aggravating. I felt confident that most persons who read this item of the city news were pleased with the report of the capture of the fugitive and the one who assisted her, and of their return, via Detroit, to the place from which she had fled. I never heard of the persons or the circumstance after, and soon forgot the names, but the incident opened to my mind a broad field for reflection and instituted a search after justice, consistency and rights.

I knew we had a national fugitive-slave law, which was considered by most people in the free states to be very cruel and, by many unjust, and only defended and justified by its friends by the necessity for it and the demands of the constitution; but I did not know we had state fugitive-wife laws, by which they could be caught and returned to their owners as chattel slaves are, although I knew many wives were as effectually enslaved and controlled as the black chattels of Georgia. I knew most humane persons considered that a negro who displayed sufficient skill and energy to escape from slavery and reach a free state or Canada was entitled to his or her liberty, and that it was almost or quite barbarous to return such persons; but I was hardly prepared to believe the people so heartless, cruel, almost barbarous as to return a woman of their race and color to a tyrant who had treated her so cruelly that it had forced asunder the strongest ties in her nature and compelled her to leave even her children and flee for life to escape the grave, as I know some have. When a mother leaves her children it is prima facie evidence to me that the cause was more potent than a mother's love and must be nearly equal to death itself; for even death seldom does it. I can perceive how a woman might leave her husband for want of love on his or her part; and, if none but the two were interested, this would be good and sufficient reason for separation. But when she leaves children, and leaves them with the man she could not live with, and trusts him to select another to govern and guide them, certainly there must be a power stronger than that maternal love which God has planted deepest in the woman's nature. It is simply ridiculous to talk of psychology, seduction, free love or fascination as a cause. These are all insignificant. It must take years of cruelty and suffering to produce such effect and result. It seems to me more and more, on reflection, that a law is more cruel that returns a wife to her master than that which returns a slave to the owner. In each case death will be a release, and oftener a desirable one to the wife than the slave; and we have more suicides by wives than by slaves to escape cruelty.

Had the case above referred to been a solitary one, or even one of a single hundred, and never to be repeated, I would have taken no notice of it, but devoted my time and pen to other subjects, perhaps not more congenial to the public mind than this. But, while we of the free states are complaining of being compelled by Congress to execute cruel fugitive-slave laws, and are enacting such as no constitution of state or nation requires to return the wife who escapes from a cruelty often as brutal as that of most slave masters, it is certainly a fit subject of criticism.

It is true we have statutes in most of the states to protect the wife against physical abuse of the husband, with the whip or fist, but none to protect her against a personal abuse, often worse than a severe whipping. Our marriage laws and public opinion put the body of the wife into the care and keeping of the husband, provided he does not beat her, and leave her no escape from the worst of cruelty but to run away, and then we catch and return her. The very crimes (for they are crimes) which thousands of husbands perpetrate weekly or daily upon their wives would, any one of them, if perpetrated upon a single woman who could defend herself with the law, send the man to the penitentiary for a term of years, if not for life. Yet, when she complains, she gets no sympathy from her church or pious neighbors, except "Wives, submit to your husbands." The law has no remedy, and all that is left is escape, if she can, and be caught if she must.

I know very well this is not the condition of all wives, but only those who are merely legal wives. There are many whose lives are mated to their husbands and who physically and mentally harmonize and blend with them and join voluntarily in all the relations of social and sexual life; but, by long and extensive

observation, I am compelled to believe that these are the exceptions and that the rule is the other way, and that a majority are unhappy often when their husbands are contented. It has long been well known that hundreds of young wives go annually to the graveyards, as effectually killed by their husbands as if they had been pounded to death, many of them leaving no word of complaint or even of warning to their old companions.

There is scarcely a neighborhood in the Christianized part of our country that has not been visited with cases of domestic trouble within the last few years—deaths as above, separations, runaways or suicides; and, instead of condemning and punishing to prevent, the wise legislators should search for the causes and try to remove them. Add to these the terrible effects of forced relations, of unhappy marriages, in producing and bringing up children, and we have a picture that ought to make any Christian blush or hide his head in shame, if he or his religion has sustained the barbarous features of our present marriage laws to this time. The scribes of the press and the pharisees of the pulpit are continually harping upon the beauties and blessings of marriage and married life, and thus alluring and enticing the young and ignorant into it; but they seldom give the other side and thus warn them against the terrible risk and danger of an uncongenial mating. The jokes and jests, ridicule and contempt of old and young, rich and poor, run freely against the single who reach or cross the age of thirty; and if there is one thing more odious in the public mind than another at this time it is free love; and yet, if it has any legitimate meaning, it must be the love of single persons or those not bound by law or church to love any one. The love of all single persons, if they have love at all, must be free, and they are free lovers, except so far as the church may claim a right to direct their love to God or Jesus. Fanaticism and public prejudice take great liberties with language and often pervert it to their uses, as they have in the use of free love, applying it to the sexual passion, which man has in common with animals, if not with plants, and which we never think of calling love when it prompts the male to pursue the female among the deer, sheep or swine, and which is no more appropriate among our race than theirs. If I can understand the term love and apply it to manifestations of feeling I cannot find it below the human kingdom, nor ever manifested in that kingdom in or through the sexual passions. I suppose both men and women love each other; if so, it is not the same that draws only the opposite sexes together. Some persons talk of several kinds of love—some good, some bad, etc. I know nothing of it.

"I would not call that love
Which could be poisoned, marred, or stained,
Which could by any wealth be bought,
By any power be chained."

To me "Love is to the human heart what sunshine is to flowers." I have no fear of it in or out of marriage, free or not—if, indeed, it could be other than free, which I doubt. I wish every man loved every woman as well as the most loving husband does his wife, and every woman loved every man as well as the most loving wife does her husband; then we should have a world of love and loving beings, and certainly no one would knowingly injure any other; for love worketh no injury.

HER WOMAN'S HEART FOR ME.

Oh, like a queen's her happy tread,
And like a queen's her golden head!
But oh, at last, when all is said,
Her woman's heart for me!

We wandered where the river gleamed,
'Neath oaks that mused and pines that dreamed.
A wild thing of the woods she seemed,
So proud and pure and free!

All heaven drew nigh to hear her sing,
When from her lips her soul took wings;
The oaks forgot their pondering,
The pines their reverie.

And oh, her happy queenly tread,
And oh, her queenly golden head!
But oh, her heart, when all is said,
Her woman's heart for me!

—William Watson.

Marriage is a lottery in which men stake their liberty and women their happiness.—Mme. de Rieux.

THE DAILY DREADFULS.

The absolute unreliability and dishonesty of the daily press was demonstrated again last week.

A shell manufactured for the use of the United States navy exploded at the Midvale steel works, and the newspapers straightway discovered and announced an Anarchist plot to destroy the guns of our ships by so preparing the shells that they would prematurely explode. The impossibility of tampering with such closely guarded munitions of war was no check on the imaginations of the reporters, and the carelessness of a workman was promptly turned into a gigantic conspiracy to demolish the guns and war vessels of the nation. Columns were written, with scare heads, ingenious theories were spun and innumerable "it is saids" and "it might bes" and "it is probables" were used to give the whole tissue of lies an air of plausibility. The impression was conveyed that the country is full of desperate criminals calling themselves Anarchists, united in secret societies and plotting to kill and burn and destroy everything and everybody. The columns of lurid slush were telegraphed over all the land.

The next day the chief of ordnance at Washington, Admiral O'Neill, denied that there was any suspicion of a plot, declaring that such tampering with shells was out of the question and the allegations preposterous, and placing the responsibility where it belonged—on the heedlessness of workmen.

To offset their columns of lying reports the press gave to the denial three inches of space in obscure corners, where not one out of a hundred readers of the papers will see it. The unthinking will conclude that the country is in danger, that the anti-Anarchy law is necessary to the perpetuity of our institutions, and that the best thing to do is to send Mr. Turner back to England and allow a law to remain on our statute books which denies freedom of thought and entrance at our ports to such men as Herbert Spencer, Count Tolstoi, Elisee Reclus, Auberon Herbert, and others who believe that government of man by man is immoral. Had it not been for the Chicago theater fire, which occupied their space and provided a fresh horror, the newspapers doubtless would have persisted in their villainous course of exploiting an Anarchist plot to make piquant reading in the daily cent's worth of sensationalism.—Truth Seeker.

WOMAN AND THE RELIGION OF THE FUTURE.

The problem which both Roman Catholic and Protestant churches in this country face now with respect to their women is, Will the women continue to be conservative? For they are receiving the scientific education which Maurice saw that they must have before they could ever be anything else than religionists of an emotional, mystical type. Higher criticism of the Bible is taught at Smith and Bryn Mawr, as well as at Harvard and Johns Hopkins. Nothing that is destructive of the old and constructive of the new in matters of philosophy, theology and ethics is wanting now in the curricula of the best women's colleges. To imply that the influence of our educational institutions for men or for women makes against essential religion or against the spiritual life would be unfair, but no one aware of the facts of to-day can deny that there is a gulf between the universities and colleges, on the one hand, and the churches, on the other hand, viewed broadly, in their attitudes toward the origins and ultimates of life, literature and liturgy. The point is that when the ecclesiastic and conserver of the traditions and the customs of the past comes to deal with the educated woman of to-day and to-morrow he may not find her the unreasoning, credulous adherent of institutional religion and orthodoxy that he has found woman in the past to be.—Harper's Weekly.

"WHO IS THE ENEMY?"

Hugh O. Pentecost writes thus to Edwin C. Walker about the latter's new work, "Who Is the Enemy: Anthony Comstock or You?" "Your pamphlet is a strong discussion of the question at issue that one could give to a conservative friend with some hope that he might read it through."

Dr. R. W. Shufeldt, biologist, author of several scientific works and of more than seven hundred articles on medicine, travel, science, sexual problems and other subjects, writes to E. C. Walker: "I thank you very much indeed for the copy you sent me of your valuable pamphlet, 'Who Is the Enemy: Anthony Comstock or You?' I have read it from cover to cover with the utmost satisfaction and unqualified approval. It is one of the best and strongest things you have put out, and I am with you solid in both the letter and spirit of it. I prize the copy most highly." Ask for table of contents and specimen pages of "Who Is the Enemy?" or send 20 cents to this office for the pamphlet.

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TRAINING A CHILD TO THINK FOR ITSELF.

The following story of experience in child-culture is given by "A Stepmother" in Good Housekeeping. Very few stepmothers are equally patient and thoughtful; and the same is true of mothers. Indeed, many are so overwhelmed with housework and the care of numerous children that it would be impossible for them to devote much time to the development of the expanding mind, as did this stepmother. Yet there is much that can be learned and utilized in the way of training our children to think and to act for themselves, and it is encouraging to find such articles as this in the conventional magazines.

The care of a "seemingly deficient child" devolved upon me when he was three years old. Up to that time he had not been taught even the most elementary points in the care of his body or personal cleanliness. He would sit for hours silent and motionless, not so much from imbecility as from mental indolence, apparently.

My first effort was to arouse the brain. He "needed to be talked to," one observing old lady said. I talked to him; told him incidents; called his attention to anything likely to interest him, and at last decided it was a case of prenatal influence which could eventually be overcome by patient and persistent effort.

As he grew he seemed to be wholly devoid of moral perception, absolutely ignorant of the difference between right and wrong. He had no desire to be bad, fortunately, but if he had had such tendencies, he had no restraining conscience. Lacking this, there was danger of his leaning too heavily on my dictum, and leaving all responsibility on my authority. Hence, there was need of guarding myself as closely as I watched him, and I was especially careful never to give an express command, but in all cases to say, 'Think a bit, would it be best to do this way?" This I did to develop a power to judge of the relation of cause to effect.

When he went to school I obeyed my invariable rule never to criticise a teacher in a child's presence, and when he complained, as he sometimes did—though I was overjoyed to see that he thought enough to care—I would say, "Your teacher never means to be unjust, and is mistaken perhaps." He grew to be reasonable in that way.

Once I observed him sitting quiet and growing alarmingly pale. I waited to learn the cause. He was a nervous child and sympathy or questions would often make him sick when otherwise he would have been quite well. So I always waited, but without his cognizance watched him very closely. Suddenly he said, "Do you think it fair for teacher to mark me a dead failure in arithmetic when every example gave a correct answer?"

"No," I replied, "but do you think your teacher really intended to be unfair?"

He answered promptly, "No, I don't really think she did, but I think she was wrong."

"So do I," I said. "Now let's try to think it out."

So he told me this, "I did every example and got the right answers, but I did them by your method and because the class used a different method she marked me a failure."

Instantly I got my clew and suggested to him how the mistake might have occurred. He was so reasonable he acquiesced at once, and when I said, "I'll explain to your teacher," he was perfectly satisfied. The result was the teacher saw it as we did, was convinced of her mistake and paid him a high compliment.

In his school I kept him back one year in the intermediate department, and after he went into the grammar school was also able to duplicate a year in one of the rooms, but I did not do this without his consent.

I said, "I'd rather you should stay back a year if you are willing, but I know how attractive promotion looks to you boys, and I won't insist." He stayed back, and one night after consulting me concerning a puzzling problem in his arithmetic, he closed his book, saying, "I think I can safely say I understand every example as far as I have gone, and now I'm glad I duplicated this year."

Not being familiar with the then current method of "doing examples," I had no temptation to do the work for him. I could only point out the principle; and he, grasping that, could apply his own method. Thus it happened that at final examinations he ranked No. 1 in his room and came to me in wondering amazement, saying: "I don't understand it! I've never ranked higher than fourth in my class during the term, there being three pupils who always stood higher than I, yet now in final examination I get ahead of those three."

"Well," I replied, "you now see the advantage of my constantly 'dinging' at you to think."

"Yes," he said, "I guess that's the explanation." And it was. Had he been what we call a "bright boy" I naturally should have trusted to his native intelligence as most people do, but realizing his mental needs, I struggled toward the development of dormant faculties.

When the time came for him to go into "the master's room," finding myself unwilling to subject him to the influence of a man whose moral character did not command my respect, I moved out of the district, and he passed to association with a noble man who advanced him rapidly, and finally advised him to "jump a year" and enter the high school. This he did, ranking fourth in a class of seventy. Yet he was what is usually called a dull boy, and but for careful development would probably have been actually what many called him—imbecile. He was not, in any sense, bright, active or quick-witted. Neither was he fond of books.

In his earlier childhood I spent hours playing hide-the-thimble, or toss and catch, with him, because when looking for any lost article he seemed absolutely incapable of judging what might be a possible place for it, but drifted about vaguely and gazed at the ceiling for what was probably on the floor. I shed tears of joy the first time I ever saw him play with playthings. He was then eight years old and was led into it by an older boy, but he was really playing. He seemed to lack the power of imagination which made toys interesting. He'd get his toys out when told to do so, but no play was spontaneous. Therefore, I have said, I played with him, and believing that "catching" was one of the best ways to develop a quick eye and promptly responsive muscles, I played toss and catch with him.

Such was his habit of silence that he once said to me, "I wish I had the 'gift of gab.'" Then I told him to cultivate it, and told him how. His success may be guessed when I say that in a western town, before he was twenty-one, he figured as "the boy preacher" in a denomination famed for rejecting written sermons.

But the one thing I like best to remember, now that he has "passed on," is this. When past thirty, he said to me in the presence of others, "I can never thank you enough for not allowing me to carry my hands in my pockets." His mature judgment approved seeming intolerance and his manly, voluntary avowal was a source of great pride and gratification to me. My "non compos" boy was now a man, and one friend who knew him from the first said, "You'll never call your life a failure when you look at that boy."

A QUEST FOR LOVE.

My soul wants love. My soul reaches for it and demands it. But my soul never gets it, not just the love it wants. And I am glad. For if it did my soul would stop growing and working and living. For growth and work and life are all a quest for love.

My mind wants love. The best there is, it wants. Nothing is good enough for it. Always there is something to be desired in every love it gains. And so, in divine discontent, it searches further, further, always further. And I am glad, for search means growth and work and life.

My body wants love. Just as my mind and my soul do—the best love. And I do not say no to my body any more than I do to my mind and my soul. I work, knowing that all the love I make my body beautiful enough to gain I may have. Love comes, just the love I willed to come. And my body dies. But I do not cry. It has served its purpose in living. It has given to the world the children of my mind and soul—the children of my body.—Grace Potter in the Conservator.

Every great reform which has been effected has consisted, not in doing something new, but in undoing something old. The most valuable additions made to legislation have been enactments destructive of preceding legislation; and the best laws which have been passed have been those by which some former laws were repealed.—Thomas Buckle.

Sunday school teacher: "Well, who was sorry at the return of the prodigal son?"

Little girl: "The fatted calf."—Ex.

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THE LIGHT-BEARER.

MOSES HARMAN, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

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LUCIFER: ITS MEANING AND PURPOSE.

LUCIFER—The planet Venus; so called from its brightness.—Webster's Dictionary.

LUCIFEROUS—Giving light; affording light or the means of discovery.—Same.

LUCIFIC—Producing light.—Same.

LUCIFORM—Having the form of light.—Same.

The name Lucifer means Light-Bringing or Light-Bearing, and the paper that has adopted this name stands for Light against Darkness—for Reason against Superstition—for Science against Tradition—for Investigation and Enlightenment against Credulity and Ignorance—for Liberty against Slavery—for Justice against Privilege.

THIRD SERIES. VOL. VIII. NO. 2.

WHAT OUR SUBSCRIBERS SAY.

A friend in New York writes:

"The paper, paying third-class postage, should be issued not oftener than fortnightly. As a weekly, your folding, wrapping, and stamping work is double what it would be if the paper were a fortnightly, and your postage bill is doubled."

This opinion has been expressed by others also. The expense of mailing is quite small, but the item of postage is very large. It was impossible to consult the editor, he being so far away, before settling the questions of price and frequency of issue, and it was necessary to take decisive action. But I knew that nothing short of absolute necessity would induce him to consent to giving up the weekly issue. And only failure of attempt to continue the weekly publication would demonstrate its impossibility. As a matter of fact, the only objection he had to my management, when last heard from, was my failure to issue the paper the week succeeding the official seizure of No. 1000. He could not approve the non-appearance of even one issue. When Lucifer fails to make its weekly appearance it will be because its editor, Moses Harman, is convinced that it is impossible to continue its publication.

Continuing, our friend says:

"You would not have much trouble in getting 5 cents per copy if it were an eight-page fortnightly, but you practically cut off retail sales when you charge 5 cents for the old four pages. Even as it is, you have not graduated evenly. Two dollars a year is an increase, of course, but $2.25 is a decrease. You are telling your readers that you must double your price because you have to pay third-class postage, but in the same breath you say that if two of them are so fortunate as to live near the same office you will actually reduce the subscription."

It is hard to suit all parts of the country in regard to price of paper. We are told by news dealers in San Francisco that they cannot sell a paper for less than 5 cents a copy. As to the price of $2.25 for two copies to the same address, it simply did not occur to me that two subscribers would economize by having their papers sent to the same address, and so far none have done so. My idea was that some of our friends might be willing to help to circulate sample copies of the paper if they could get an extra copy at a small increased cost. Several have already ordered an extra copy for that purpose. It has been our custom to send out several hundred free sample copies each week, but with the greatly increased cost of postage we can send out but few, so we wish to let those of our friends who are willing to help circulate the paper have copies for that purpose at as low a price as possible. A western subscriber tells of his work in distributing literature as follows:

"You will find inclosed $2.25, for which please send me two copies of Lucifer for a year, and begin with this week's edition, so I will receive three copies. I have a list of names and addresses, and as soon as I read my papers I wrap them in one-cent wrappers and send them to these addresses. I have been doing this for years. So far as I know, neither Lucifer nor Free Society nor The Demonstrator have got a subscriber from this source, but I am not discouraged, for I know by experience that you have to punch a farmer pretty hard in the ribs if he is dead asleep before he will awaken. I have just bought one dollar's worth of 'Realism in Literature and Art,' by Clarence Darrow, and am sending them to these addresses. You see, I am trying all kinds of schemes to awaken these people who are 'dead asleep in Jesus.' Religion, no matter what name you call it, has been and is to-day the greatest curse of the human race. I had the blues when I felt almost certain that Lucifer had been denied the second-class mail privilege, and I think a good many of your other subscribers felt about the same way."

A. A. Cowles, of Cleveland, writes:

"I am willing to pay $5 a year if necessary to keep Lucifer afloat. I think most of your subscribers feel just as I do; all of which goes to show that it does not pay, financially, to be a radical. But the radical cannot help being as he is. He cannot be conservative till his opinions have been accepted by the majority and have become conservative."

A friend writes from Connecticut as follows:

"I am sorry and indignant because of the action of the postoffice department; but suppose nothing can be done to change it. You may count on me as long as you publish the paper, and I am able to pay the price, whether it be one, two, three, or more dollars. And in order to help as much as possible in the matter of postage you may send me all the papers at one time that you can for 1 cent. Of course I want the paper, but if you can send four papers for 1 cent, just wait until there are four successive issues and send them together. I mail all my papers to different friends, after reading, and if any of them want it they can subscribe for themselves. I sincerely hope that the paper will be kept going by those who like it, without any help from those other persons who cannot appreciate the value."

It would cost two cents to send four copies, so we will mail fortnightly to this friend.

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We hope that our subscribers will bear in mind that we want to hear from them as soon as possible; those who cannot pay the added subscription price, as well as those who can. It is essential that we should know as early as possible what we can depend on.

As has been previously stated, there is no surplus in the business of publishing Lucifer to pay the increased cost. If all our subscribers, or even the greater number of them, feel that it is worth while to pay double what they have paid heretofore, the paper will live and grow. The enemies of the paper were in a position to know, through their inspection of Lucifer's cash-book, how difficult it would be for us to continue the paper. But they did not realize, perhaps, that it might be possible for the friends of Lucifer to keep it alive in spite of the obstacles thrown in our way. We do not know who these enemies are, for certainly not all who are connected with the postoffice department are its enemies—we have reason to realize the contrary. But it is also evident that some person or persons have determined that Lucifer shall be suppressed. Lucifer's editor has given his time, at publication office and in prison, for twenty years, that Lucifer might live. Will its friends help him to sustain it now?

LILLIAN HARMAN.

THE STROKE OF THE CENSOR.

San Francisco, Cal., Jan. 5, 1904. .

For all that happens to us, all that occurs to us, there is an adequate, a compelling cause. Nothing *happens*, in the old meaning of *chance-work*, and while we ourselves would have ordered things differently we recognize the folly of complaining—the waste of time, of strength and of temper that would be involved in a wordy controversy with the agents of the Modern Inquisition called the postal censorship of press and mails. With like training and with similar hereditary leanings we, too, would be suppressors of thought, of speech, of press and mails.

Lillian's statement in No. 1001 leaves me little to say in regard to the situation. This is written Jan. 5, current calendar. What that situation may be when these lines shall meet the eye of the reader, ten days or two weeks hence, it would be idle to conjecture. As Lillian has pointed out, the "postoffice business" seems conducted on principles wholly different from those recognized by men conducting any other kind of legitimate business. And while our government seems a paternalism so far above the plane occupied by the subject or citizen that it does not need to observe the common rules of transacting business, its methods are less straightforward and more perplexing than those of some other paternalisms that we are in the habit of denouncing as autocratic or despotic.

For instance, in Russia the censor gets in his work *before* instead of after a book or paper is offered for transmission through the public mail. Then if the censor sees anything objectionable in such book on paper he draws a blue line through the part objected to; thus warned, the publisher knows what to expect should he persist in using the government mail without expurgating the clause or clauses condemned by the censor. The result is that few people are fined, imprisoned or deported in Russia because of violations of postal regulations, whereas in free America people are constantly getting into trouble because they do not and cannot know whether what they write and publish will be condemned or not until they send it through the mail, or offer to do so, and then it is often too late to escape punishment.

In another respect our governmental methods are peculiar. "The law of contract" implies that when a man bargains for an article of any kind, a book or paper for instance, it is the business of the administrators of justice to see that the purchaser is not defrauded. In the case of the censored book or paper the United States government itself defeats the law of contract by withholding the book or paper for which the purchaser has paid his money.

If any person should deposit or offer to deposit in the mail-bags an explosive, or other material that might injure the bags or the carriers, then there would be just cause for official interference. Or, if the purchaser finds that what he contracted for was not sent at all, or a very different article substituted therefor, then, on the theory that the government should take paternal care of its citizens, there would be reason for a postal censorship, but usually there is no complaint made by the purchaser of the condemned literature, and hence it would seem a point well taken that if our government wishes to have the obligation of contract respected and honored it should not itself set a bad example by defeating the fulfillment of contracts between buyer and seller.

★ ★ ★

In regard to changes announced in the statement published in No. 1001—the advance in price of Lucifer, the offer to send two copies to one address for $2.25, etc.—will just say that I approve them all. The increase in cost of publication, added to the 1 cent postage now demanded for each copy of the paper, instead of 1 cent per pound, makes the advance in price absolutely necessary. Whether our old friends want Lucifer at the new price is a question for themselves alone to decide. Whether new subscribers can be obtained at double the old price is a problem yet to be solved.

With Lillian, I say we will do all we can to make the paper worth the advanced price. If we are to judge from the utterances of some of our old-time readers and helpers, Lucifer has always been well worth $2 per year. Several possible methods of improving the paper have been suggested. To what extent these plans can be carried out will depend in great measure upon the responses we get to the announcement of the increase in price.

Since the new trouble with the postoffice department has overtaken us it has been a serious question with me whether I should not at once drop my work in California and return to Chicago. Now that the matter seems settled, for a time at least, I have decided to remain on the Pacific Coast till May or June, if no fresh complications arise, and for these among other reasons:

First—I find the climate of California admirably well suited to cure my chronic ailments—so far as yet tried. The temperature of San Francisco varies little from 60 degrees Fahrenheit, winter or summer, so I am told. Since I came here, near two months ago, there have been a few rainy days and a few foggy mornings, but most of the time the sun has shone clear and bright, with but few days or nights cold enough to feel the need of fire in living rooms, stores or workshops. Grass is as green as in May or June in Chicago. Flowers and garden vegetables flourish in the open air—except, perhaps, a few of the more tender varieties. As yet I have seen neither ice nor snow and but very little frost; very little wind that could be called rough or disagreeable. However it may be in summer, San Franciscans certainly do not need to leave their city on account of climate in winter.

Second—I find this city a better field for propaganda work in Lucifer's central reform than any I have ever before found. More people in proportion to population appear to be waking up to see the necessity of agitating for freedom of motherhood—free, intelligent, self-reliant, self-respecting, self-responsible motherhood—than I have ever met before. Besides many shorter public talks, I have advertised and delivered five addresses to audiences variously estimated at from one hundred and fifty to two hundred and fifty people, with the interest constantly on the increase. At our last meeting, Jan. 3, without any suggestion from me, a motion was made to form an association to continue the educational work on the same radical lines to which my talks have been devoted, after I shall have left the city. Fourteen of those present gave their names as members of such association, and from indications many more names could have been obtained had time and daylight permitted. The meeting had begun at 2:30 p. m. and had continued without recess till 5:15.

Third—Notwithstanding the fierce competition of radical reform journals of all kinds, I find this city and its suburbs a very promising field in which to canvass for new subscribers for Lucifer, and now that the censors of speech and press are unusually active it would seen very important that as many new additions as possible should be made to our subscription list.

★ ★ ★

Professor Allen Haddock, the phrenologist of the Pacific Coast, has shown himself a friend and brother in more ways than one. In the January number, under the head "The Literary Grotto," appears this paragraph:

"Lucifer, Moses Harman, editor and publisher, 500 Fulton street, Chicago. If you believe that your mother was and is the best friend your ever had (not excepting your dog), and if you would chastise a man who insulted your sister; if you are not afraid to read good sense, upon all sorts of radical subjects, expressed in choice, forcible English—then, in that case, subscribe for and read Lucifer."

Professor Haddock is a fine delineator of character; seems to have achieved success in a financial way—as his location on one of the best business blocks of the city, 1020 Market street, would indicate. Send for his magazine—only 50 cents per year—and call on him when in San Francisco.

★ ★ ★

Of the well-known public speakers and editors who have welcomed me to California I would mention Henry Harrison Brown, editor of Now, a monthly journal devoted to what is called New Thought, with its publishing house located at 1435 Market street. Mr. Brown holds meetings every Sunday evening at Memorial Hall, Odd Fellows' Building. He is an attractive and forceful speaker and is drawing full houses.

Mrs. R. S. Lillie holds meetings every Sunday evening in the same building, and also speaks each Sunday forenoon in Oakland, just across the bay. She is one of the best speakers on the Spiritualist rostrum, if I may be allowed to judge from a somewhat extended observation, East and West. On last Sunday evening Mrs. Lillie asked her audience to name a few subjects for her use as texts. Several subjects were named; among the rest I suggested "Responsibility of Motherhood." Each of

the subjects was handled in a clear, logical and forceful manner, and none of them with greater clearness and fearlessness than was the motherhood question. If Mrs. Lillie had been a constant reader of Lucifer she could not have placed our pivotal thought in stronger light. Woman and man must stand together in the work of human redemption from the effects of the ages-old enslavement of womenhood and motherhood, and especially must woman awake to a sense of her responsibility in the creation of new human beings. Only thus can woman or man be saved.

On more than one occasion, so I am told, Mrs. Lillie has spoken of me personally and of my work in terms of high commendation.

At my first public meeting in this city Dr. York, one of the best known lecturers and writers on Freethought subjects in all the West, was chairman, and introduced me to the audience in a brief speech, in which he spoke in high praise of the work I have been instrumental in doing for human emancipation. Dr. York is now active in arranging for a Paine memorial meeting in this city for the 29th of this month. The committee of arrangements consists of Dr. York, S. H. Tarr, Charles T. Sprading, C. V. Cook, and one or two others whose names I do not now recall.

Of those who have extended hospitality to me at their homes in San Francisco, grateful mention should be made of Rosa Fritz, Cassius V. Cook, Mrs. and Mr. S. Silberberg, Mrs. and Mr. A. Howe, Mrs. and Mr. H. M. Morse, Mrs. and Mr. Nevins, "The Now Folk" and S. H. Tarr.

Of friends who have contributed their time, labor and material, none deserve more honorable mention than Brothers Holler and Holt, photographers, who have finished up several dozen cabinet photographs of my personal phiz, also one dozen of large-size pictures, and have donated them to the cause for which Lucifer stands pledged. As these pictures were made here, those of our friends who may wish to possess one are requested to order from me direct, instead of sending to the Chicago office. Price of the cabinets, 25 cents; of the large-size pictures, the artist's price is 75 cents each. For the next few weeks my address will be care E. M. Dewey, 1014 Fourteenth street, East Oakland, Cal.

While remembering all who have extended hospitality of any kind to me here in California I must not forget to acknowledge receipt of a New Year's present from an eastern friend, E. W. Langley, who, when sending money for books and for a photo, inclosed something to help pay the necessary expenses of my western trip. M. HARMAN.

FRIENDSHIPS BETWEEN MEN AND WOMEN.

"Of friendships of young women with men it is difficult to speak at once plainly and sanely," says John Oliver Hobbs. But why should this be so? Is not the trouble in the minds of those who speak and listen, and not in the conditions discussed? "Life would be intolerable if girls could not be on frank and uncoquettish terms with men of their own age, or by some years their seniors," our writer continues. And it is true that life is made "intolerable" in just this way for many girls and women by their suspicious, meddling and gossiping neighbors; yes, and by their nearest and dearest, also. But this condition is changing, we are told. "The idea that, because two young people may have a great deal in common, they must also be in love, is happily dying out. No one is hurt, no one is compromised when a friendship does not lead to marriage. Parents and guardians are beginning to see that, in any event, it is desirable that girls and their male admirers should become well acquainted with each other, because neither friendship nor marriage can be satisfactory unless it rests upon a true knowledge of character. Unhappy love stories are commoner among those girls who have been sheltered from male companions and influence than among those who are daily mingling in the society of their brothers, and their brothers' male acquaintances and friends. The same rule applies with equal force in the case of men who do not know many women. Each sex requires the assistance, the magnetism, and the inspiration of its opposite, and it is only by being thrown together in healthy association that either can attain its full development." LILLIAN HARMAN.

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VARIOUS VOICES.

We are always glad to receive calls from friends visiting the city. Take the Lake street elevated, stop at Ashland avenue, walk one block east, then one block north. Or take Fulton street electric car west and stop at St. John's place, alighting in front of our house. The Lake street electric and Paulina street cars also pass within a block of our residence.

Fred Ulmer, Silver City, Idaho: I read in No. 1001 the unpleasant news of an attempted suppression of your worthy paper. Lucifer is a paper that I want above all others, and I would not like to see this malicious undertaking succeed.

May Hurd, Wellesley, Mass.: "What can't be cured must be endured," so I enclose $1.25, to go with $1 sent not long since, for Lucifer for one year, from 990 to 1042; and if you can, please send me the one copy per week between 990 to 1001. I'll do missionary work with the papers.

Mrs. M. E. H., New York City: My answer to your question, "What Say You?" I wish above all things to have Lucifer live, and gladly send another dollar to pay for this year's subscription. I would rather pay $3 a year for Lucifer than for any publication at that price that I ever saw. Long may it wave! I am with you always for free thought, free speech, free press and free women. Am much interested in all your father writes from California. I spent five happy years there, and have been homesick ever since I came East. Hope your father will remain until the severe weather here is over.

Edward Wenning, Cincinnati, O.: I am very sorry to note, on receipt of your Dec. 31 issue, that the postoffice department has denied you second-class rates, and also that it has declared Dec. 17 issue unmailable. I regard both decisions as very unjust and unwarranted, which decisions I hope the department will speedily rectify. I have gladly received and read Lucifer for several years, and have always paid for my subscriptions most willingly. I want the paper so much that I shall also pay the new rate of $2. I sincerely hope you will be able to continue publishing the paper, for I consider it in the highest degree pure, wholesome, sane and beneficial. I have paid up to No. 1062, but I shall nevertheless enclose $1 herewith as a voluntary addition to what I have previously paid, so as to figure at $2 for the balance of the time due me.

H. W. Hunt, Federalsburg, Md.: The last copy of Lucifer to reach me, Dec. 31, came to hand last night. I was not surprised at the news it brought. Indeed, for some time past I have known that it was only a question of a few days until Lucifer would be struck down. With Comstock on the right hand and Madden on the left, Truth is crucified between two thieves, as of old, and no one raises a hand in her defense. The real truth of the matter is that this "land of the free and home of the brave" is fast becoming the most tyrannical country on the face of the globe. The tyrant Majority acknowledges no allegiance to right and yields to no authority save that of the Boss, who, with lies in his mouth, treason to all good in his heart and gold in his pocket, created him. "They who would be free, themselves must strike the blow," is as true now as it was in days of old. The practical question is, What is to be done in the present emergency? For my part, I must acknowledge that the question is a puzzling one to solve. Yet, so far as I see it now, my advice would be to keep the price of the paper the same as it is now, and publish it once in two weeks, and ask the subscribers to pay the postage of a cent each. I do not know whether my plan would cut the expense account down half. If it would, I think the proceeding might be a good one, as it appears to me that many people would take Lucifer, at $1 a year, once in two weeks, who could not well pay the extra dollar for the other week. My

plan now must be considered on its merits, and pass for what it is worth. I merely offer it as a suggestion. I think I shall be content with any plan that the friends of Lucifer may see fit to adopt. One thing more I can say here, and that is that I prefer *quality* to *quantity* in a paper, and my plan would give the editors time to make a good paper and give us a good equivalent for our money, and thus hit both Madden and Comstock at the same time.

O. M. La B., Wisconsin: Reading in last week's Lucifer of your persecution, I was unable to immediately send the extra dollar then, but it is now ready. As I most always keep my paper paid up a year ahead of time, this dollar will pay it up to the first part of January next, 1905. I am sorry the paper had to raise the price. Now, don't think I am selfish and do not give you sympathy, for both your father and yourself have my best feelings. My second sympathy is for those that are unable to pay the $2 per year and will have to drop it. I consider Lucifer a "Light-Bearer" in many homes, and before I see it go to the wall will pay $3 per year for its support. I think it is now the time for your friends to come forth with the extra dollar. Your father should be supported by those that call themselves his friends. This is his life-work, to keep Lucifer going, and in his age to take away his work is to ruin him, and I do not think he would long survive the shock.

J. S. H., Sheridan, Wyo.: Lucifer of Dec. 31 comes to me with a 1-cent stamp on. This was no surprise to me, as I had been expecting it for some time. The policy of the capitalistic class is, and has been for some time, to curtail the liberties of the individual by attacking those who cannot resist, especially those who in any manner oppose existing conditions. By continuing this course the people will become used to submission, and this can be continued until they are deprived of all of their liberties. They figure on the fact that the common people have so little surplus that they cannot afford to spare money to fight these attacks, and the American people soon become used to anything. The Appeal to Reason was too strong for them, and Wiltshire abandoned the fight and went to Canada to enjoy the freedom he could not have in a republic. I also think they are using good policy (from their standpoint) against Socialism, for if people see that there is no freedom for any independent thought when the State has control they will prefer even the competitive system, with all of its disadvantages, for the sake of retaining at least a part of their individual freedom. I cannot assist in circulating your paper, as I am a single man, and, having no relatives of the "feminine persuasion" and not circulating much in female society, have but little opportunity; call it to the attention of my gentlemen friends whenever I have an opportunity. I take the liberty of inclosing $2, which I want used to pay postage on the paper as far as it will go. I hope the vacation will do Mr. Harman much good, and trust Lucifer may survive the cowardly attacks of its enemies, mainly the Church.

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